LONDON LIFE.

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ONLY A LARK.

ONLY A LARK.

An extraordinary case was heard before Mr. Mansfield, at the Marylebone Police Court on Thursday last. Two young men were charged with being found in woman's attire, for an unlawful purpose.

After the evidence had been given they were put back for a time for enquiries. Nothing could be found against them prior to this, but the police had got hold, as they thought of too good a case to let the matter slip through their fingers.

P. C. Maskell, who had apprehended them, said he had heard that there was a whole gang carrying on the same games. He had as much ground and no more for such an assertion than if he had said he believed the defendants were Zulu spies. But true to the invariable rule of the force, to back one another up, Serjeant Butcher comes forward, and all that he can say is that there is strong ground of suspicion that they had burglarious intentions. It turned out, however, that they were footmen out of place, who had held situations in aristocratic families, and thereupon Police Constable Maskell said he had found a letter in the lodgings of one of the prisoners, from a well-known fashionable lady addressed to a duchess. Supposing he had, what then? But the case must not be lost, no matter at what cost.

The solicitor for the defence very properly urged that there was no proof of any felonious intent, or of any such conduct as was shewn by the defendants in a very notorious case, who were tried before the Lord Chief Justice and acquitted. He further added that at that very court a young man, charged with being found in the Haymarket in woman's attire, was only fined 40s. But, surely Mr. Alsop, you forgot that that young man was very highly connected, and that makes all the difference.

The defendants were committed for trial, and though we do not defend senseless folly in any way, the impression chiefly on our minds at this moment is, "Good God! how this world is given to lying," and especially that part of it, which wears blue uniform, and that also when highly connected one stands a good chance of getting off very lightly if charged with an offence.

LIVERPOOL BARMAIDS.

"All the World's a Stage, and all the men and women merely players," according to Shakspere, and no doubt the Bard of Avon was right in his conclusion, and if he had been as well acquainted with the Lancashire lasses at Liverpool pubs as ourselves, no doubt he would have added that they were very sprightly players indeed. Liverpool possesses an unenviable notoriety for drunkenness In that, the second city of the United Kingdom, beer wine, and spirits are, figuratively speaking, eaten; and strive as the authorities may to dispel such facts by statistics, still the appalling circumstance remains, that more guzzle is poured down parched throats, according to population, in that cosmopolitan seaport, than in any other city or town in the United Kingdom.

To what causes these drunken habits may be traced, we shall not here pretend to determine. Perhaps it is owing to atmospheric influence, or to the mixed character of its hybrid population, or to the lack of good sanitary arrangements, or to the filthy habitations the poor are compelled to herd in, or possibly, all these imperfections combined. Liverpool, in truth, despite some of its grand thoroughfares, its imposing buildings, and its aristocratic quarters, is pre-eminently a city of slums, and to this, perhaps, it may be owing that it is a city of "publics," for they mutually produce each other.

But if Liverpool is noted for the number of its licensed resorts, which may invariably be distinguished by painted beer barrels swinging outside as signs of of trade; so is it celebrated for the freedom of the buxom Hebes, who minister to the wants of a thirsty community, with an abandoned gaiety highly suggestive of immoral tendencies, and in some "pubs," barmaids may be found so accomplished in the art of flirtation, that they will hob-nob with any customer of the male species who is gallant enough to stand drinks for "busses." Indeed, bashfulness is an embarrassment unknown to these beguilers of the bar, neither does reticence affect them; and the "lotion" they are able to put away is something amazing. "White satin" is their favourite "tipple," and such a facility have they for "lowering" it, that if their number was multiplied by twenty, every distillery in the country would have to be requisitioned to supply their wants. Now we do not wish it to be understood that these observations apply to every barmaid in the town. Our experience, derived from a week's visit, was necessarily somewhat restricted, for to do the whole round of gin palaces and boozing haunts, which intersect the city like points in a compass, would occupy as much time as learning the Chinese language by barbarian rules; still, what we observed and heard; what we judged of and noted, led us to the conclusion, that for assurance and *sang froid*, for bandinage and looseness, the inns of the metropolis can furnish no parrallel. Yet let us do the Lancashire lasses justice, if they are frail they are fair, if they are boisterous they are robust, and if they tipple they are sober. Egad, what limbs they have, what arms, what legs, and what swelling proportions above their girdles. Venus is depicted in voluptuous form, but the charms of person must pale before the fuller development of the gay and easy wenches, whose bold eyes invite dalliance, and whose supple movements incite desire; and, moreover, they possess a characteristic not to be found so generally displayed elsewhere, and that is a winning frankness in asking for a "treat." "Stand a drink, old man," is a general motto which, emenating from red luscious lips, parted in a smile to display pearly teeth, seldom fails in eliciting a satisfactory response. Liberty, they say, flows from the north, and however justly this observation may apply to politics, certain it is that the ladies of these colder latitudes are of warmer natures, and having no restrictions imposed upon their actions, indulge in glorious freedom.

An old Italian legend runs thus: "Lucretia was just sixteen. The rose and lily took possession of her face; and her bosom, by its hue and coldness, seemed covered with snow. So much beauty, and so much virtue, seldom want admirers. Orlandino, a youth of sense and merit, was among the number. He had long languished for an opportunity of declaring his passion, when Cupid, as if willing to indulge his happiness, brought the charming young couple, by mere accident, to an arbour, where every prying eyes, but love was absent. Orlandino talked of the sincerity of his passion, and mixed flattery with his addresses, but it was all in vain, the nymph was pre-engaged, and had long directed to heaven those

charms for which he sued. 'My dear Orlandino,' said she, 'you know I have long been dedicated to St. Catherine, and to her belongs all that lies below my girdle. All that is above you may freely possess, but further, I cannot, must not, comply. The vow is passed. I wish it were undone, but now it is impossible.' You may conceive the embarrassment our young lovers felt upon this occasion. They kneeled to St. Catherine, and though both despaired, both implored her assistance. Their titular saint was entreated to show some expedient by which both might continue to love, and yet both be happy. Their petition was sincere. St. Catherine was touched with compassion. For, lo! a miracle! Lucretia's girdle was loosed, as if without hands, and though before bound round her middle, fell spontaneously down to her feet, and gave Orlandino the possession of all those beauties which lay above it.

The lasciviousness of this recital is openly apparent; but what shall we say of a scene we witnessed—and which, no doubt, was of nightly recurrence—in a flaming gin palace in a low quarter of Liverpool. The reeking foulness which pervades this den of sensuality no effort of the pen could describe; but the lewdness of language and immorality of conduct being subject to no occultation may, perhaps, be faintly rendered. This Bacchanalian rendezvous of roystering revellers of every complexion, from the captain of a lugger to a stinking bargee, and from a slop merchant to a touting lubber, was situated in one of the main thoroughfares of the city. The bar was divided into two compartments, the front of which was literally blazing with gas, while, by some mechanical contrivance, the furthermost recess was in a state of semi darkness. Being attired for the occasion in the approved style of a hectoring braggadocio, we entered the first part, where business was conducted with tolerable decorum. But what struck us on pushing our way to the front was the number of barmaids who crowded behind the counter. There were at least a dozen, dressed in all the colours of the rainbow, with gay flaunting ribbons arranged in fantastic shapes, with heated blowsed faces, powdered and rouged to excess. Their countenances were of a very bold cast, and what struck us as a singular circumstance was, that they fluttered in and out of the back compartment at will, and often stayed so long that at intervals the bar was almost deserted. Being determined to explore this retreat of the favoured frequenters, we, by reason of sundry winks, liberal "treats," and a swaggering nonchalance of demeanour, induced one of the presiding charmers to allow us to pass through a side door, which barred the passage to all but the qualified, and here, as our eyes got accustomed to the gloom, we beheld pandemonium in all its glory. The mystery of leaving the bar was out. Gathered in a group were an intermingled mass of men and women in indelicate attitudes. In a corner was a young man, dressed in the height of fashion, with his arm round the waist of a prepossessing looking girl, whose head was reclining on his shoulder; lounging in another part were a group of sea-faring-looking men, dandling the barmaids upon their knees; some other girls and men were standing up with their arms round each others' necks, and in fact the whole surrounding was one scene of indescribable depravity, and the language indulged in beyond repetition.

This, we admit, was the worst place we witnessed, and as it occurred some time ago, possibly such abuses may by this time be rectified. But for such a state of things to exist was highly reprehensible, and although we are informed that there are respectable inns in Liverpool, as in London, and reputable barmaids too; still, our object being to search out the worst, we give our experience to the public as we found it, in the hope that it may lead to a searching investigation by the proper authorities, with a view to cleanse the town of such impurities in licensed houses.

A FLUTTER AT THE WINGS.

Come along, and let's be jolly—let us valse off on the spree.—
What's existence if not festive when you've got the £ *s. d.*?
So a truce to thought to dunning, shall it trouble us.?—Not much,
Then divest yourself of Toothpick, and repudiate your Crutch.
Don your suit of solemn sable, and assume your snowy tie,
Next equip you with your *Gibus*, and we'll fly unto the "*Cri*,"
For ere starting on the war path, ev'ry requisite beyond
Is a well served little dinner at the shrine of Spiers and Pond.
We'll play light upon the sherry, as we mean to stick to "*biz*,"
And we know that we are certain to be deluged quite in Fiz,
So one tiny cup of coffee with the least of eau de vie,
Then that mayonnaise delicious is sure *not* to disagree.
As we speed from Piccadilly in a Hansom fleet, and light,
Comes the query:—"Well, then, where now, shall we, open up the night?"
And because we're once more anxious worth of Planquette's lines to probe,
Without parley we determine first to drop in at the Globe.
How we love those Bells of Corneville, though the piece is not so "*wrong*,"
As a score of *bouffes* less pretty, yet it always goes "ding dong!"
With sweet smiles of merry welcome that would fascinate a sage,
Do the pretty darlings greet us, as they leave the brilliant stage.
What a flower bed of beauties whence to choose a loving mate.
But alas! we miss the winsome face and form of Bonny Kate,
Yet there's Thompson, Poole, and Tudor, Duggan, Hodges, Lewis, Lloyd,
By whom into bliss connubial any man might be decoyed,
And that pretty Clara Graham, whom I'd like to give some hints,
Not to bear herself so proudly, if the "fair friend" of a Prince.
Was she not the sweetest barmaid in the days of long ago,
Ere she married one exalted—ere she entered Mansell's show!
Aston, you're a lucky fellow—and it doth my bosom wring,
Much to think that I am out of luck like yours of, Aston-ishing.
But the prompter's bell informs us that we must not longer stay,
Just another glass of Clicquot, then from Corneville's belles—away!
Aswe quit the playhouse pleasant with delight our bosom whirls,
Planquette's music is entrancing—only less so than the girls!
In the street the air blows chilly, then our overcoats we'll don,
Though the distance is a short one to the temple of Friend John,
John the greyhead gay purveyor of all known Theatric fare,
From the travesties of Byron to the plays of Molière.—
Ev'ry sort of dish dramatic have you served at divers times,
From the gambols of George Conquest to the stars of foreign climes.
And the Gaiety's been crowded—crowded as you'll seldom see,
Tickled by the art of Croizette or the "fakes" of Sara B.
Now once more your staple diet's there, as sure as eggs are eggs,
That is faces fair and lovely and no end of lithesome legs.
John, you surely are the best judge what unto the swells appeals,
So you go for doing big things both with "pretty souls and heels."
Here we see that *naive* young Nelly—the adored of every swell,
Marriage really seems to Soutar—and it has not tolled her (K)Nell.
Surely she's the Marie Wilton of the present day you'll rule,
Since that darling tights discarded for the *Cup and Saucer school*.
Does not piquante pert Amalia fill us with delightful thoughts,
With her we would be caught tripping in Loves Terpsichorean sports.
As for Katie where can she be? Hush, sir you must not enquire,
Perhaps she finds indisposition causes her now to retire.
P'rhaps — Shut up, no longer query, please to draw your question mild,
Ere the overture is ended, let us *Con* the wondrous child.
She whose tender years and talent aged nobles so adore,
And reward with gems, and broughams, and of wealth a glittering store.
Now at last the piece is ever, but Champagne has freely flowed,
And with somewhat misty feeling I depart for my abode,
Stay, I think we'll go to Evans just to finish up the night,
Pray your arm extend old fellow, do not think, though, I am tight—
Overcome by strong emotion, that is all as you can see,
Here we are; hie, thoughtful waiter with a Soda and a B.
Hullo there are lots of women who the moments will beguile,
For they flock now unto Evans, since the closing of the Argyle.
Yes my darling—want a livener—certainly, well liquor up,
What's the odds if we are happy—Tomkins bring a Champagne cup.
That we have, and sundry others, till I lose my memory quite,
Don't remember leaving Evans—or where I have closed the night.
But the morning breaks and dimly, and the chaste surrounding show,
I have sought a virtuous couch, within the wilds of Pimlico.
Never mind—its very pleasant—and I am not quite alone,
Though 'twill shock you to discover that that the bedroom's not my own!
P S. Reader if you ever drink, and suffer in due course.
Try next morn some Soda Water with a dash of Worcester Sauce.

THE SCORCHER.

LONDON LIFE.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 30, 1879.

HOT SPICE

YORKSHIRE for ever?—Wishing to see all the places of interest in Leeds, I enquired of a lad selling newspapers the way to the Roundhay Park. The lad civilly offered to show me the way, which offer I accepted.

* * *

Entering into conversation, I found my new acquaintance to be a very intelligent youth, and one who had travelled, for he told me he had made the circuit of England on foot, as he wished to see London and other places.

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On further enquiry it came out that he earned his living, and something to spend besides, by selling newspapers in each town as he passed through.

* *

Who can but admire this lad's pluck and perseverance to obtain an honest living, and we cannot help regretting that the police have the power to hound such boys from pillar to post. Such is not the case in Leeds.

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Arriving at Roundhay Park, thanks to the courtesy of Mr. Kendal, one of the Park-keepers, I was shown the flower garden, the lake, and other places of interest.

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Certainly a "fine" place, of which the Yorkshire people may well be proud, but there is a little grievance about the closing of the gates, and charging for admittance on Fête days.

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Now then gentlemen of the Corporation, as the Jester has been a showman both at North Woolwich and Surrey Gardens. He will suggest a remedy.

* * *

Open the gates free as usual, but charge for all entertainments, and take my word yon will take more money than ever.

* * *

But for goodness sake have an insurance office on the spot, and tell everyone to insure their lives before getting into those ancient boats that must have been built about the time of Noah.

* * *

Lying Echoes. Passmore Edwards, ever on the alert to attack other journals, has published in the *Echo* a statement to the effect that *London Life* has been stopped in several of the large provincial towns.

* * *

No doubt you want padding for your *Echo*, Passmore, but do in future be careful of your facts, for the Man in Motley has only just returned from a provincial tour, and has seen them sold at Manchester, Chester, Birmingham, Bradford, and Leeds.

* * *

Lambeth Police Court, is not, like Rosherville Gardens, a place to spend a happy day, yet some persons seem jolly enough within its walls, and those are the officials. Bartlett, the under jailer, for instance, has not a pleasant duty to perform, yet he gets through it with a happy consideration for the sensibility of his charges; possessing, as he must do, a keen perception, which enables him to discriminate between the hardened criminal, and the reckless or thoughtless delinquent.

* * *

It would be as well if prison warders possessed the same feeling, or were endowed with the same sense. We should then find that prison discipline would be corrective, without being vengeful, and useful without being brutalizing.

The flirtations which go on at police courts are something alarming. Gay ladies, if pretty and sprightly, are very attractive to the bobbies, who beguile the monotonous hours of their attendance with playful sallies of sportiveness, an occasional hug, and a kiss. and,—and nothing more.

* * *

Perhaps the worst managed system in London is the School Board. The money peculated and wasted must be enormous, yet little is done towards education, except erecting fine buildings, and chevying lads about, to whom the act was not meant to apply.

* * *

What a patriotic body are capitalists. Foreign agents swarm in the land of the muscle and brain of the country. Thousands of agricultural labourers, farmers, and skilled artisans are leaving the land, and yet wealth stands by with a supercilious smile, recking naught what the country may lose through their pigheadedness.

* * *

If one half the world knew how the other half lived a certain class of persons would become considerably enlightened, and perhaps be much more considerate to those with whom they have to deal.

* * *

A magistrate who never knew what want meant, has not much sympathy with a starving wretch who steals a loaf, nor has a man much sympathy with a poor fellow, who having been without food for days, and repeatedly soaked through with superabundant rains, thought he could not get much wetter, and should be relieved of his misery by drowning himself.

* * *

Bumbledom has no sympathy with "sich," they never oughtn't to have been born. But their hardness of heart changes to whining, maudlin tears, should misfortune overtake them, just as detectives who have hounded many an innocent person to death, bury their heads on the dock rail, and whimper for mercy when found guilty of fraud.

* * *

Wholesale baby farming in Bristol. Death of four children. On Friday last, an enquiry was held at the "Victoria" Inn, St. Philip's Marsh, relative to the deaths of Eveline Townsend and Elizabeth Maria Louise Thomas, one eight months, and the other six weeks of age. As is usual in such cases, there was some curious evidence, brought to light, much to the disgust of the "farmers."

* * *

Dr. Player, who made the *post-mortem* examination, said, that many children whom he had seen had, he firmly believed, been killed, indirectly, from giving them thick food, which could not be digested. Undoubtedly many children of wealthy parents are killed in the same way.

* * *

One of the witnesses, during her evidence, continually spoke of the children as the "dear little lambs;" the "pretty little dears;" the "sickly little ones;" the "pretty one;" the "young gentleman;" the "dear little things;" and other such sweet epithets. She apparently had great affection for them.

* * *

Did you ever go, my readers, to a fashionable marriage? I mean among what Jenkins, of the "Matutinal Pillar," would describe as being attended by the *créme de la créme* of Society. If so, I think you would be ashamed of your nationality. Thackeray described, with all his consummate power of sarcasm, such scenes in his "Newcombes."

* * *

The subject has been often written about, but a fresh case last week recalls the scandal vividly before us again.

* * *

When the seventeen-years' old daughter of a poor aristocratic is sold to a coarse-looking man, more than old enough to be her father, and anything but pre-possessing in his appearance, because he is very wealthy, and can lend money, *ab libitum*, on worthless bills, and the girl, well known to have fixed her choice upon another, faints at the altar, it is time to renew our protest against such scenes.

* * *

To use Thackeray's words: "Sold again, my Lords, Ladies, and Gentlemen! Sold again, Most Reverend and Right Reverend Prelates, of every degree, just as much as were slaves in the markets of America, or cattle in the pens."

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And yet, during the height of the season, such things are o frequent occurrence.

* * *

Which is the higher form of life? To be an aristocrat, able to do one long round of dissipation, to revel in licentious plays, to waste one's patrimony, and die a pauper; or to be a writer, whose sole object is to expose vices, and let all those who read it know the roots of the evils against which it protests? I leave all sensible men and women to consider their reply, and I await their answer with confidence.

I don't deny that Sam, the newsman of Leeds, refuses to sell *London Life*, but what does it matter when it is sold by plenty of men of better standing who fortunately possess more common sense than Sam.

* * *

Fancy a man like Sam electing himself to be a purveyor of literature, never having probably read a line of Shakespeare, Byron, Fielding, or Cobbett.

* *

Mind you this newsman is a very candid man, and tells you he has risen from the gutter. All the more credit to him, says the Jester, but the next time I call at your shop don't talk nonsense, Sammy, my boy, especially about politics.

* * *

That young lady of yours is rather plain spoken, Sam. In fact, grows more like her dad every day.

* * *

That young fellow who resides in Briggate, Leeds, ought to know business better than to live on a woman's prostitution. It is not manly, to say the least. He had better go back to butchering, or borrow some cash from his uncle, the farmer, and open a greengrocer's shop.

* * *

Last week I referred to the monopoly of W. H. Smith & Son. I now find I am not alone in my opinion, as the following, from the *Chester Guardian* proves:

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"How is it that we miss the startling announcements that used to be paraded everywhere of the enormous numbers of *Daily Telegraphs* printed each day? We suspect the reason is the *Telegraph* feels the pinch of the times and is gone down. By the way, "printing" is not circulating a paper, but the *Telegraph* was very stiff in those days of independence, and took "returns" only from Messrs. Smith and Son. And why from them? Simply because it could not help it, as Messrs. Smith & Son are the great monopolists of the news trade, before whom all bow, and the *Telegraph* is obliged to take their "returns," or close their account.

* * *

Conspiracy in England. German and French papers reiterate the fact that there was a plot hatched in the English court, not only for the restoration of the Napoleonic dynasty, but for the marriage of the late Prince Imperial with the Princess Beatrice. If this matter was, upon investigation, found to be correct, a united nation ought to raise their voice against such a deadly machination.

* * *

Does this account for the hubbub Albert Edward Prince of Wales made for not being informed of the arrival of the remains of the late pretender.

* * *

Or does it account for the shameless sacrilege of Westminster Abbey in receiving within its hallowed precincts the remains of a titled boy, plotting to stir up discord between two great and friendly nations?

* * *

What curvish blood runs, after all, in royal veins. The autocrat of all the Russias is about to inaugurate constitutional monarchy. This despot callous to right and reason is amenable to fear, and would make acts appear gracious which cowardice prompts.

* * *

How must the serf-trodden Russians pray for another Garibaldi, another Cavour, or another Victor Emmanuel. Such patriots as these would soon make a clean sweep of the unscrupulous harpies who prey upon the vitals of "the bear."

* * *

The lion, at any rate, must be now very tame or else snoring; otherwise he would never tamely submit to the exactions of the rogues, thieves, and liars who plunder the land.

* * *

The French eagle soars above Europe with Republicanism engraved upon its wings. The debased thrones of Europe cower beneath it, shrunk into abject insignificence by the overshadowing majority of a free people.

* * *

Of it our gracious Queen reigns secure in the affections of her loyal people. Yet she saves, and saves, and saves; yet trade is going to the dogs, the expenses of government are increasing, the best men leaving our shores, agriculture waning, starvation filling courtiers and fanatics.

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Apropos of "H.M.S. Pinafore," Jester understands that directly after the scrimmage at the Opera Comique, several of the belligerents adjourned to a certain public-house near the "Elephant and Castle," where they consumed, in the space of ten minutes (free of charge), drink to the amount of 5s. per head. Rumour points to a well-known Southerner as being the party who paid for drinks, of that I am not quite sure, at all events it was not

JESTER.

FIREWORKS.

"Jupiter Pluvius" has been set at defiance by our old friend, "Billy Holland" so often, and this year so ineffectually, that we fear he will be compelled to admit that the rainy god is too much for him. But he would not be beaten, so he rallied round him a gathering of Brother Masons, Foresters, odd Fellows, and Buffs, on Monday last, and they did not stop to care for wind or weather, but went *en masse* to support the "People's Caterer."

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He was obliged to employ a "whipper-in" to bring his numerous friends to the collar, and whom would he find so competent for the office as the "Carter?" Bro. J. R. we mean.

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We here that the Broadmead Alhambra will re-open again with sparkling talent, look to your laurels, George.

* * *

Passing through Leeds the other day, I looked in at the Theatre Royal, where I was courteously received by the Manager, James R. Ellis, and invited to see the new English version of "D. T., or, Lost by Drink." The acting was, on the whole, very good, especially the Copeau and the Puddler, who, by the way, was the finest specimen of a Yorkshireman that I have ever seen on the stage.

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As regards the plot of the piece, that is pretty well known. This version seemed to be fairly written, especially the humorous part of it, which the low comedian was not slow to take advantage of The scenery deserves especial praise. The snow scene being excellent, and the scene, which we may call the Ironworks one, is one of the moat sensational and effective which we can remember. The sight of the bound and gagged man hurried below ground, then placed underneath a heavy hammer, while he is threatened that the great mass shall instantly fall on him, unless he made replies to such questions as are put to him, was effective in the extreme, and seem to hold the audience spell bound. We congratulate the manager and his patrons on such a success.

* * *

A man very well known to all frequenters of London theatres is Mr. James Stride, who for forty years consecutively has officiated as box-office keeper at Drury Lane Theatre. Had Mr. Stride been called upon to fulfil the duties of any other post, he would unhesitatingly have done so, from forming a government, over which he would have ruled as the firm but courteous head. or commanding the expedition to Zululand. His courtesy and *bonhommie* have rendered him popular with all with whom he comes in contact, and we are glad to hear that a benefit is being organized for him. We hope that it will prove an undoubted success, and for ourselves can only say, may it be long ere his shadow, or his stride, or the brim of his immortal hat grow less.

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The Princess's Palace, Leeds.—The celebrated Macdermott, of the Music Halls, has been giving his popular entertainment at Bradford and Leeds, and met, at both places, with great success. His song, "True Blue" was received with unbounded applause.

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Mr. Macdermott's songs pleased every one except a certain cadaverous individual, who went about to various public houses, saying that such songs were the ruin of the theatres and music halls, as they were not "True Blue," The popular performer was escorted home on several occasions by young men of the town, hundreds of whom followed their favourite to Bradford.

* * *

"There is nobody in town," of that we are all aware, but still "there are more people there than anywhere else," which is a remark which I am sure your readers will oppreciate if only on the ground of its originality. Anyhow, there are enough people left in town to fill the Criterion and Princess's Theatres nightly.

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At the first-named Lottie Venne will, in season or out of season, draw people to come and see Betsy, whilst Miss Mary Rorke has no need of any histrionic ability to make her an attraction, for her lithe and lissome form and beautiful face would be quite sufficient to make up for any shortcomings in her business, if any such existed, but they do not. Young "Sothern" seems to be a chip of the old block.

* * *

At the Princess's the interest in "Drink" still survives, and Miss Louisa Payne looked as charming and graceful as ever. But as for the moral of the play the less said about it the better.

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It seems, according to Mr. Charles Read, that if you are a teetotalar your reward will be that you will break your neck by falling off a scaffold, but that if you are not that you will break your wife's neck with the arm-chair and die of D.T. Mr. Charles Warner although terribly graphic in his delineation of the character of a man driven mad by drink, has certainly never suffered such agony, because perhaps he never reads it, from the D.T. as has

SQUIB.

AN APPEAL TO THE ELECTORS OF ENGLAND.

The time has now arrived when the electors and people of England should cast off the scales from their eyes, and view the truth, and endeavour to comprehend the magnitude of mischief and terrible amount of misery, not only for themselves, but for their childrens' children, accomplished by, perhaps, one of the most iniquitous governments which ever disgraced the annals of English history.

We will commence by taking a hasty glance at some of the leading results of this spirited Imperial Policy of "Peace with honour," for its motto, but before doing so, it will be necessary to take a retrospective glance. The Conservative Government have now held Parliamentary power for six years, and, on their accession, have, from year to year, used large sums of public money in order more effectually to maintain the good humour of their party, but, nevertheless, have regularly adjourned all questions of local government.

One of their most barefaced dodges is to flaunt how little they have paid, but their silence as to what they owe, becomes the more ominous. The economy of a state should be measured, not by the liabilities it discharges, but by those it incurs.

The late Liberal Government began with a taxation of £2 3s., it is true, but this it inherited from its predecessor, a spendthrift Tory administration.

On the other hand, the Tories began with the low taxation of £1 19s. 5d., simply because it had inherited it from the Liberals.

The last year of Liberal expenditure, under Mr. Gladstone's Government, less Alabama claiims, was £41,853,000, while, on the other hand, Lord Beaconsfield expended, in 1879, £51,817,000; this shows an increase of £9,964,000. due to the foolish profusion and reckless expenditure of the present Tory Government.

These plain unvarnished facts, must convince the most common-place observer of the abominable squander of public money which has been indulged in, and what for? To pander to the over-reaching ambition of a few, by a man who, in the recollection of many of us, was once the laughing stock ofthe House of Commons, and whose memory future generations will despise, as they will, to a certain extent, inherit the after effects of his so-called "spirited policy."

Even to the present day, indirectly, we are taxed for the wars which this country was plunged into with the Great Napoleon, by that most reckless and iniquitous of ministers, Lord Castlereagh, who, fortunately for the nation, terminated his existence by suicide, so satisfied was he with his great work.

From time immemorial it has been one of the tricks of Tory Government to go to war, and thus keep the attention of the people from consideration of matters of reform and common welfare. Let us see what the Tories have done for the people, whose suffrage they will sooner or later solicit.

In the first place, they have not carried out any of the great measures which they promised to do.

In the second place, they have increased the income tax from 4d. to 6d. in the pound.

Thirdly, they have engaged the country in certainly two of the most illadvised wars ever entered into by England, one of which will, after months of procrastination and terrible loss of life, owing to the incapacity of a general who should long since have been superseded, have to be re-opened, as the affair at Ulundi was at best, but a negative success. Junius truly said in one of his able letters that "the ruin or prosperity of a State depends so much on the administration of its government that to be acquainted with the merits of a ministry, we need only observe the condition of the people.

Poverty is now rife in all classes, and the times are universally acknowledged to be about as bad as they can be: and well indeed may such be the case, as this is but one of the many misfortunes laid up by the Tories for the people. "Peace with Honour," the is miserable boast of Lord Beaconsfield after doing his best to plunge this country into war with Russia which, had it not been for Mr. Gladstone's noble agitation at the time, would have happened as a matter of course. He again boasted of a united cabinet, so united indeed that Lords Derby and Carnarvon, to their honour be it said, retired sooner than countenance the adoption of the spirited policy which threatened the safety of the realm. The whole programme of the Government has been a sham and a lie from the beginning, and so long as it continues will fresh burdens, increased taxation, and a host of other evils be heaped upon the people, whose only hope lies in a new Liberal Government, whom it will take years to even restore things to the state of prosperity in which they were at the time when the last administration went out of office. So little faith has the Government had in its cause that its great aim during the last few years has been to conceal from the people the full extent of the burden imposed upon them, and by financial juggles have attempted to mislead the country; but, however they may postpone it, the day of reckoning must come, but not till then will the electors and people of England realise the abyss to which Tories have driven them.

Awake, Englishmen, awake, while there is yet time to cast off this Jewish bondage, and remember that the hope and prosperity of Great Britain is to be sought for at the hands of perhaps one of the most honest and clear-headed statesmen who ever lived, and whose only ambition, as proved by his actions, has been the welfare of the people.

It is to Mr. Gladstone and the Liberals you must look for redemption from the burdens cast upon you by this Tory Government, whose existence, thank Heaven, draws near its end.

MAN OF THE PEOPLE.

It is a pouring wet Sunday, and I go to a fashionable church in the West End to hear an archbishop preach a discourse for the "Lord's Day Rest Association."

* * *

I stop outside for a time, and watch carriage after carriage drive up, and their lordly occupants descend, almost last of all being the Archbishop.

* * *

Oh! the plush, powder, and liveries! Such a feeling of pity comes over me. Think of that mud begrimed carriage, and the horses, looking as if it would take a week to restore them to their former cleanliness and beauty, and think of the hard day's work which is before the unhappy employées of the pious ladies and gentlemen, but whose religion is mixed with an amount of caution too great for them to run any risk of rain.

* * *

Is it any wonder that John and Jeames, who must attend the service when horses and carriages are put up, smile cynically to one another and wink, when their master is heard saying in his most dulcet tones: "and in that day thou shalt do no manner of work, neither thou, nor thy man-servant," &c.

HYPOCRITICAL SNOBS AND CANTING PRIGS.

The race of the Sadducees and Pharisees, so far from having been exterminated, seems never to have been so numerous and so rampant as it is to-day. That class of persons who make it their business (and probably a good paying one it is), to lift up their hands in pious horror at, and to utter the most dismal howlings conceivable over what they are pleased to call the wickedness of the world, are about the most contemptible, pitiful set of scoundrels that ever were tolerated in decent society.

So sure as you catch a man in a railway carriage or omnibus, ostentatiously displaying his newspaper before his fellow passengers, to show that he is religious, because the title thereof smacks of the conventicle, so surely may you most unhesitatingly put the fellow down as a prig.

If any man sitting next to the writer of this article were to offer him a tract, whether entitled "Pious Buttons for Believers' Breeches," or, "Jerusalem Cordial for Spiritual Diarrhœa," the thought that would instantaneously occur to him would be to button up his pockets, and keep a sharp look-out upon the sneak.

A greater portion of the so-called religious literature of the day, like the popular sermons, consists chiefly of hypocritical humbug, This man buttonholes me, and tells me I am going to hell, and it is only by swallowing his nostrum that I can be saved from damnation.

Another tells the same tale, and *ad nauseam*, hundreds more follow suit, each one recommending his own specific. But push the trade, seems to be the motto of these individuals, and push it they do, with a vengeance. Missionary societies of one kind or another and tract societies annually collect £4,000,000 and upwards for the conversion of the heathen Chinee, and the swarthy Zulu, &c.

Are not these people fairly charged with cant, considering that a vast proportion of the money so collected goes into the pockets of home officials? Again, where do there exist greater snobbery and canting priggism than is shown by tradesmen and merchants who advertise for "Christian" assistants, and no others need apply? As if a man could not be honest and able to serve an employer well without making any loud profession of religion. And probably the employer is something like the Quaker, who called out to his assistant, "John, have you sanded the sugar? 'Yes, sir.' Have you put the sloe leaves in the tea? 'Yes, sir.' Have you damped the tobacco? 'Yes, sir.' Then come to prayers."

Of this we may rest assured, that the more a man assumes the outwardly religious form, the more he prates of his godliness, the more inwardly rotten he is. "Still waters run deep, and the truly good people are those who act and live religion, not those who parade and chatter it. Charity, not cant, meekness of character and forbearance are the best test of a man's real worth, not a Pecksniffian or Uriah Heepian ostentatiously 'umble hypocritical cant.

King's College Hospital is closed for out-patients for the next twenty-one days. Surely this is most unnecessary and unjustifiable. Some arrangements ought to be made to prevent the suffering poor being deprived of such relief as they stand in imperative need of. If the doctors want a holiday let them have it, but they could take it by relays, always leaving some to attend to their duties. Or if the hospital needs renovation, let other accommodation be provided. But who are the poor that their cases should be considered by these gentlemen? But we, at all events, consider the poor, and earnestly protest against the action of the authorities.

CHRISTIAN WORKERS.

It is far from my desire to be too censorious or hard upon Professors of Religion, and according to their light, many of them are doubtlessly, good, well meaning men. But during a long series of years past there has crept up a certain class of men, whose special business it is to visit private houses as Scripture Readers, as they call themselves, and we do not hesitate to say that while under the garb of Christianity, they profess to read nothing but the Bible, and goody-goody tracts, there are many of them wolves in sheep's clothing, who prostitute their supposed sacred calling, to ends which are reprehensible in the extreme. Some of these men have a whole library of obscenity, which they use as opportunity offers.

We have known them to read extracts from English translations of "Ovid's Metamorphoses," and Eugene Sue, while "Tristram Shandy," full of filth, and "Amanda, or the Power of Love," are considered by them to be mild in the extreme.

Now we know what power these men possess, and the revelations of the Divorce Court, and the continual cropping up of enquiries by order of the Bishops into alleged charges of immorality against some of the clergy, shew the great care and discretion that should be exercised against the visits of a great proportion of these "Christian Workers."

It is a remarkably unpleasant fact that the visits of these people, as a rule, take place, when the husband and father, sons and brothers are away from home.

Now I advise that this should be scrupulously avoided, and these workers could arrange that it should be so if they only chose.

I know that the race of Stiggins, Mawworm, Chadband and Co., is not extinct. My advice is to keep a very watchful eye over the crew.

I know a father, who, though a member of a Church himself, kicked a Christian Worker out of his house, and justified his conduct upon what he had seen.

"Beware of those who devour widows' houses, and, for a pretence, make long prayers." My remedy for the disease, is short, sharp, and decisive. Upon the slightest suspicion, kick the animals out, and show that your wives' and children's honour is dear to you, and that your house is your castle.

Mr. Gladstone was present last week at an entertainment given to six hundred aged paupers at St. Pancras Workhouse. There was a very liberal bill of fare, although provided and paid for by a Conservative. Mr. Henry Skoines, certainly deserved the eoniums that Mr. Gladstone bestowed on him, as there are very few gentlemen, either Tories or Liberals, who think of paupers now-a-days.

* * *

It was quite right what Gladdy said, paupers cannot expect luxurious living; as the funds for their maintainance have to come out of the pockets of the ratepayers, but a few indulgences at times, such as tobacco, &c., causes many a weary hour to pass away, and soothes the nerves of the old people.

* * *

The rumour of Mr. Chaplin's elevation to the peerage is contradicted in the press, notwithstanding that it is quite true. The racing M.P. with £80,000 a year, married Lady Florence Gower, daughter of the Duke of Sutherland. Her ladyship would prefer to be the wife of Lord Blankney than of plain Mr. Chaplin, however wealthy.

* * *

Lord Beaconsfield has again offered Levy-Lawson of the *D.T.* a baronetcy, but it has been once more indignantly refused, because Walter, of the *Times* wants a peerage, and Peterborough Court declines to play second fiddle to Printing House Square.

I heard a loud whisper, while ascending the steps leading up to the the tower of the Town Hall of Leeds. I descended in haste, and wandered into what proved a very hotbed of Conservatism, for in a little beerhouse close to the Hall, there was a gathering, and and the cry was "Jackson for Leeds."

* * *

Red hot were they, and offered to toss for Gladstone's chance against Jackson's. Well, we shall see.

* * *

It has been a bye-word in the earth, that the Queen's speech on the opening of Parliament, is full of promises that are never fulfilled, and that read at the prorogation is distinguished for its sheer inanity and its execrable English.

* * *

No wonder that Lord Beaconsfield was absent from the white-bait dinner, or that ministers, and those holding subordinate places in the government locked the doors of the banquetting room as soon as the dinner was over, to hold such converse as they chose to indulge in "in camera."

* * *

Fancy the astute Earl who presides for the present over the destinies of this nation, laughing with Montagu Corry, and Mr. Daley, in the quietude of his house in Whitehall Gardens, over the rubbish which the Lord Chancellor and the other Royal Commissioners would give forth to the world the next day as the Queen's Speech, and then you see this Machivaellian statesman in his truest moments. He cared no more about the whitebait, the speech, or his colleagues, than does the Khan of Tartary. His business now is to conceive and develope a policy that may give him and his supporters some chance of retaining their hold on the people.

* * *

Of course the Liberals were not likely to lose a moment in attacking the government, and so "Parliament out of Session" has begun earlier than usual.

* * *

Sheffield has had a great mass meeting, over which the Mayor presided, to hear Mr. Mundella, and his bill of indictment was strong against the powers that be, and was evidently believed in by his audience, but the Hon. Member's speech was but as the cooing of a dove to the roar of the lion, compared with that which was to come.

* * *

Chester was all excitement on Monday, for was not Mr. Gladstone staying at Eaton Hall, the guest of His Grace of Westminster, and was he not to address a public meeting in the Great Linen Hall, in support of the candidature of the Hon Beilby Lawley, eldest son of Lord Wenlock, as second Liberal member for the City.

* * *

The Hall will hold five thousand people, and it was crammed. People came from Liverpool, Manchester, and from places around, and when the ex-premier made his appearance, the vast mass seemed to go mad with excitement.

* * *

And wasn't it a speech! A great many persons who have never heard Mr. Gladstone picture him as a man utterly devoid of humour, but they are greatly mistaken. True, he is terribly in earnest, but, he is as wittily sarcastic as one could well be. Like poor Artemus Ward he gives utterance to sentences which, while causing his hearers to shout with laughter, never cause the speaker to lose the natural gravity of his facial expression. What could have been better, for instance, than his description of his political opponents:—"There is no fact in the world that they will not undertake to manipulate, and twist into any shape they choose, as if a fact were a nose of wax." No wonder the reporters interpolate (roars of laughter.).

* * *

The air is full of rumours of changes in the Cabinet, but though some are imminent, reports so far, are not to be relied on. Sairey Gamp and Betsey Prig both believe they are in all the Premier's secrets, yet both differ. Which is right?

"Under which King Bezonian live or die."

The wisest course is not to prophecy until you know.

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A. B. (Manchester).—An old proverb says "Qui vivra verra," which we interpret, "he who lives the longest will see most." Let them do their worst.

FRED.—The case of Vivian *v.* Vivian and Waterford, ended in the Captain obtaining a divorce, and Lord Waterford afterwards married Mrs. Vivian, who died in child-bed twelve months after her re-marriage.

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